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F. Stephen Miles,
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Gul. Faithorne ad Vivum
Delin. et sculpsit.
Joannis Miltoni Effigies Ætat: 62.
1670.

MILTON

Paradise Regained

Edited by

L. C. MARTIN

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INTRODUCTION[1]

Paradise Regained has been overshadowed by the longer epic which preceded it. Milton himself, we are told,[2] 'could not hear with patience' the common judgement that it was inferior to *Paradise Lost,* feeling perhaps that though the difficulties of execution which it had presented were not of the same kinds they had hardly been less severe, and that his powers had stood their new test as worthily as might be expected, even of him. *Paradise Regained,* it is true, has a smaller theme and scope,[3] the tone is more level and subdued, the orchestration on the whole less full and elaborate; but it shares with all its author's works and with all consummate literature an abundant life and energy, and a faculty for 'growing upon' the reader, so that he becomes increasingly aware of beauties not at first suspected. Not the least of its more prominent virtues is its

[1] A good bibliography of Milton criticism up to the year 1911 will be found in Vol. VII of the *Cambridge History of English Literature.* Special mention should be made of the introductory works on Milton by R. Garnett, Mark Pattison, and Sir Walter A. Raleigh respectively. An important work published more recently is M. Denis Saurat's *La Pensée de Milton* (Paris, 1920). The present editor is also indebted to Professor O. Elton for some helpful suggestions.

[2] By his nephew, Edward Phillips, in *Life of Milton* (1694).

[3] Milton had early thought of an epic of small dimensions as one of the possibilities which he might realize: in the *Reason of Church Government* (1641), Book II, Preface, he says: 'Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting: whether that epic form whereof the two poems of Homer and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model . . .'

masterly construction, the achievement of a satisfying coherence and unity; and those who wish to gain quickly some appreciation of Milton's epic poetry in all its aspects may well be advised to begin by reading the whole of *Paradise Regained* rather than any selected parts of the longer poem.

The understanding of *Paradise Regained*, however, may be greatly assisted and deepened by thinking of its relations to the rest of Milton's works and to the circumstances in which it was written; it is hardly possible, in fact, to do it full justice by trying to read it for its 'poetry's sake', as if this could profitably be isolated from the ideas which it sets forth or implies. The ideas are a part, at least an inseparable condition, of the poetry. No detailed account of these relations can be attempted here. But it may be well to recall some main features of Milton's character and sympathies which are likely to throw light on his choice of a subject for *Paradise Regained* and on the spirit and manner in which he treated it.

I. Theme and Motives.

There may be significance in the fact that Milton was the grandson of a Roman Catholic and the son of a Puritan, for his genius was both exuberant and restrained. His early poems, English, Latin, and Italian, show him possessed in the highest degree of the poet's endowment of a richly sensuous nature, keenly susceptible to all impressions of beauty, in nature, in art, in worship, and in the 'human face divine'. The conception of Milton as a crabbed and sour-minded sectary sorts very poorly with the records which he and others have left of his artistic and social propensities. He seems early to have realized that the strong feeling for beauty and the wonderful gift of expression which were his birthright might lead to his

taking rank some day with the world's greatest poets. On the other hand a no less strong and active part of his endowment was a proud personal idealism, 'a certain niceness of nature' as he called it, 'an honest haughtiness, a self-esteem either of what I was, or what I might be',[1] which led him to discriminate carefully in the indulgence of his sensuous appreciations, to exercise himself in the law of rational self-control, for him the highest kind of freedom, to feel that his gifts must be used in the celebration of some noble or divine theme, and with that end in view to accept a training which should be moral at the same time that it was studious and artistic. He held that 'he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy'.[1]

These two elements, the disposition to admire and enjoy and the disposition to control and refine, essential elements in all human culture and advance, were in Milton both unusually strong and unusually well-matched, and never ceased to contend for the upper hand. To reconcile them or if necessary to choose between them was one of his most constant preoccupations. He was always ready, moreover, to see in the great religious and political struggles of his time, between Puritan and Anglican, Presbyterian and Independent, Roundhead and Cavalier, the need, and the ability or failure, to make right distinctions between pleasures which seemed to him cheap and unworthy, 'bondage with ease', and the pleasures attending the service of high principles, 'strenuous liberty'. It is not surprising, therefore, to find great prominence given in

[1] *Apology for Smectymnuus* (1642).

all his longest and most ambitious works to the theme of a critical choice in the face of some great trial or temptation.

In the first of these, the Masque of *Comus*, written in 1634 when Milton was twenty-six, the temptation is unsuccessful, though as in the later works its reality for him is brought out by emphasis upon the attractiveness and persuasive powers of the tempter. The Lady is hard pressed, but preserves her liberty through faith and persistence in her gifts of chastity and innocence; and Milton's youthful optimism is well epitomized in the concluding couplet which proclaims that

> if Vertue feeble were,
> Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

Between the writing of *Comus* and the publishing of *Paradise Lost* in 1667 many things had happened to give a more sombre tinge to Milton's thought, not the least important of which was 'His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice', with its proof that even Milton's judgement was not equal to all emergencies. We know, too, how deeply he came to be involved in the civil and religious conflicts which culminated in violence towards the middle of the century. We know how, after his youth of strenuous preparation for the great work which he believed he would write some day, he felt and answered the call to use his gifts in toilsome combat against the various forms of tyranny or unreason which he thought he could see in the prevailing religious, political, and social orders; how he suffered, not so much because he was wrong as because he expected too much of himself and his fellow men, because the world was not yet ripe for the kind of millennium which, like Blake, he had hoped to see established 'in England's green and pleasant land'; and how when Charles II was brought to the throne in 1660 it seemed to him as if a great opportunity had been tragically missed.

When after his experience of 'the dust and heat of conflict' he returned to poetry it was not, as he had once thought it might be, 'to sing and celebrate God's mercies and marvellous judgements in this land throughout all ages', but to 'justify the ways of God to man' in spite of all that had happened, and to transfer to a less active sphere the hopes and ideals and struggles in which he had been practically exercised. Those who feel that they cannot lose themselves in the story of *Paradise Lost,* the Fall of the Angels and the Fall of Man, the 'cumbersome luggage of war' in heaven, and the drama centring round the 'forbidden Tree', should remember that Milton himself was far less interested in questions about the literal truth of his story than in its permanent human significance and its special applications to the events of his own time and experience. Both in himself and in the larger theatre of the national life he had often seen enacted the temptation and the fall, a trial and an insufficiency; and *Paradise Lost* owes much of its energy and its power, much of its poetry, to its fundamental reality. *Samson Agonistes,* which was published with *Paradise Regained* in 1671, again presents the fateful results of an unfortunate choice, of weakness in the discharge of a high obligation; and it is a commonplace that *Samson Agonistes* is full of symbolic and scarcely-veiled references to Milton's life and circumstances.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that in conceiving *Paradise Regained* Milton was drawn to the theme of Christ's Temptation rather than to that of the Passion or the final coming of the Kingdom of Heaven; and that though the work may be read in the first place as a poet's vision of that incident, we become conscious as we read of vaguely symbolic intentions, and of more purely human bearings and interests, bringing the poem nearer to men's business and bosoms. The scenes presented here drama-

tized, for Milton, not merely the ordeal in the wilderness but an ordeal which is a constant process of human life, the course of which might seem to offer more ground for anxiety and tension than a contest between Deity and Sin of which the issue is known and foregone. The story as recorded in the Gospels would attract Milton also by its details. The Fall of Man, it seemed to him, could take place in many ways, but humanity was particularly vulnerable at certain points. Individuals were specially open to temptation through the senses and through the passions of pride and ambition; nations and societies were dangerously ready to refuse or abandon true freedom and slothfully to subject themselves to an unspiritual tyranny. These themes had already been exploited by Milton. In the central incidents of *Comus* and of *Paradise Lost*, the temptation of the Lady and of Eve, it seems clear that Milton had temptation through the senses specially in view. In Satan the most prominent quality is pride, a quality which the unconscious sympathy of one frustrate rebel for another adorns with frequent touches of magnificence. And Milton's regrets for the Laodicean failure of the English nation to keep its hard-won Republican liberty appear very clearly in Michael's account of the origin of kingship in individual arrogance and in the weakness of multitudes.

In the gospel story of the Temptation, with its double bearing on the senses and the pride of power, Milton would thus find highly congenial matter. The ordeal by hunger is partly symbolical, like the machinery of the magic wand and enchanted cup in *Comus*. Milton could not show Christ endangered, as Adam was, through 'female charm'; there was no authority for that in the original account. But the suggestion is made—by Belial in Book II—and rejected by Satan with an energy that speaks indirectly but effectively of the force which Milton could impute to it.

Nearly all the rest of the Temptation, as described in the poem, is concerned with the attractions of earthly power and fame, 'that last infirmity of noble mind', acquired through wealth, military conquest, or wisdom; and their renunciation is attended by some pointed criticisms of kingship and regal glory, glancing more or less openly at the second Caroline régime and the conditions of its establishment. The best in this kind, it is suggested, are but shadows of self-sacrifice and self-control, and there is no saving hint that the worst are no worse if imagination mend them. Milton had clearly not lost all faith in the ultimate founding of a spiritual kingdom upon earth, incompatible with all known forms of sovereignty; and the old enthusiasm and iconoclastic fervour are eloquent once more in its description:

> like a tree
> Spreading and over-shadowing all the Earth,
> Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
> All Monarchies besides throughout the world.

In such ways as this *Paradise Regained*, like *Paradise Lost*, is made the vehicle of Milton's keenest feelings and thoughts about contemporary or recent events or about his own more intimate experiences and ideals; and by realizing this we are brought a degree nearer to its full appreciation. But though it gains much of its depth and universality from such reflections, it is not well that recognition of them should blind us to its virtues of purely narrative power and of characterization its imaginative and technical beauties.

II. Story and Characters.

When Milton objected against those who compared *Paradise Regained* unfavourably to *Paradise Lost* he probably remembered the special difficulties which had lain in

the peculiar nature of the story and of the dramatis personae. It is true that here, instead of a double theme, the Fall of the Angels and the Fall of Man, and a vast scope, spanning nothing less than the spiritual history of the universe, there is but a single and simple subject in a narrow setting. But there was danger in the very limitations. The account of several successive attempts and failures to do the same thing and the restriction of the main action to a verbal duel between two lonely antagonists in a desert might easily be attended with dullness and monotony. Milton's invention has triumphed marvellously, though still not perfectly, over these disadvantages, by introducing appropriate supernumerary characters, by extending the range and diversifying the circumstances, and by references, in the approved epic style, to what had gone before and what was to come after.[1]

There remained the greater difficulty, inherent in the nature of the two combatants, that the defender is known to be invulnerable, that the efforts of the aggressor can only be frustrated. How to treat such a situation and such characters so as to produce effects of reality and dramatic tension without recourse to artificial handicaps, and without relying too firmly on the symbolic references, was a problem to tax and in some degree to overmaster the ingenuity of even our greatest epic poet.

Milton had probably learnt from his experience with *Paradise Lost* that Satan could be made too attractive ; for the feeling that Satan, rather than Adam or Christ, is the hero of that poem is almost as old as the poem itself, and it was Milton's contemporary, Dryden, who first recorded it. Satan therefore loses most of his power of appealing to our sense of the sublime ; the unbroken spirit in which he had rallied his millions of fallen associates is hardly recalled ;

[1] See Appendix II, on Milton's use and amplifications of his Biblical sources.

there is nothing of the majestic rebel who when found in Paradise by the angelic guard started up and

> Collecting all his might dilated stood
> Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved.

In *Paradise Regained* his mood is more consistently that in which he tempted Eve, soft, sly, and urbane, until as he realizes his adversary's superior power, he loses grip and equanimity. Yet in spite of this decadence Milton contrives in some degree to bring the two figures nearer to fighting on equal terms, to diminish the gulf between Satan's impotence and Christ's invulnerability.

Satan has lost none of his original brightness in argumentation. He is as capable as ever, and admirably persistent. As soon as his first disguise is penetrated he admits his identity, but appeals at once to the typically Christian sense of pity. Later, when he is trying to arouse worldly ambitions, he makes such good use of the idea that Christ was to found a kingdom and be a king, that we almost forget, as Christ is urged to take advantage of the present tension between Romans and Parthians, that it was to be the Kingdom of Heaven. No less skilful, though specious, is the attempted confusion of spiritual and material values when Satan advises the assumption of the Roman imperium:

> Aim at the highest, without the highest attained
> Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
> On David's throne, be propheci'd what will.

When this fails Satan proceeds to what is perhaps his most interesting suggestion, one that brings him nearer than anywhere else in this poem to speaking for Milton. Since Christ will not accept an earthly crown, let him distinguish himself by his wisdom and knowledge. The scene changes from Rome to Athens, and Satan expatiates on the attractions of Greek literature and learning, attrac-

tions by which Milton had profited not less than any poet in the world. It was something of an irony, for instance, that Satan's recommendation of 'the lofty grave Tragoedians' was bound up and published with the most successful re-creation in English literature of the spirit and form of Greek tragedy, *Samson Agonistes*. In this speech and in Christ's reply, throwing contempt on pagan learning, we have again two sides of Milton which had never been properly harmonized; the antithesis recalls that other in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, Milton in two different moods; it is more reminiscent still of the passage in *Comus* where philosophy is called in to justify worldly pleasure and crushed by scorn and indignation more than it is logically refuted. At this point in *Paradise Regained* Milton comes very near to putting Satan in the right and certainly gives him what Milton would consider a very powerful weapon.

The power which is thus given to Satan is not accompanied by any weakening of Christ's moral position. But at the same time Milton not only manages to suggest that Christ was not fully aware of his divine nature and potentialities, but seems to employ the peculiar Miltonic theology to produce illusions of Christ's fundamental and unrelieved humanity. *Paradise Lost* had already shown that Milton was not orthodox on the subject of the divinity of the Second Person.[1] The posthumously published *Treatise of Church Doctrine* makes this clearer still, and here in *Paradise Regained*, though there are plenty of references to Christ as the 'Son of God', Milton seems almost to go out of his way, as he certainly departs from the original story, to lay particular stress on the Son of God's human qualities. In the course of the final temptation Satan is

[1] Milton thought that God is a Unity, not a Trinity. God is limitless and essentially unknowable. The Son is finite and created and not coeternal with the Father, but he represents God in His finite relationships; thus the Son is the Creator of the World.

speaking in rage and perhaps with intentional blasphemy when he states that he hoped to learn

> In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
> The Son of God, which bears no single sence;
> The Son of God I also am, or was,
> . . . . . .
> All men are Sons of God;

but this is the sort of speculation which frequently engrossed the mind of Milton himself. It is of a piece with God's speech in Book I, in which Christ is simply 'a man of female Seed' or 'This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son', and other passages in which the Man's Godhead is slurred over; and it is all part of Milton's real indifference or uncertainty about any but a very few theological doctrines. But whether or not by conscious purpose, it comes in very usefully here on purely artistic grounds. The poem owes some of its power of holding our interest to this reduction of the distance between the God and the Fallen Angel.

The life and reality which distinguish Milton's treatment of this unpromising story may be gauged by comparison with the only poem on the subject that is at all likely to have influenced him, the semi-allegorical and by no means unsuccessful *Christ's Victory and Triumph* (1610), by Giles Fletcher, Book II of which, 'Christ's Victory on Earth', is concerned with the Temptation in the wilderness.[1]

III. Style and Technique.

There was good ground also under these heads for Milton to feel satisfied with his performance. But again he

[1] Some parallels of incident and phrase are recorded in the notes. Giles Fletcher and his brother Phineas may seriously be claimed as 'links' between Spenser and Milton, who was certainly in their debt. But the case for Fletcher's poem as a 'source' of *Paradise Regained* may perhaps be most securely based on Fletcher's use of the Temptation as a symbol of Christ's earthly victory.

was attempting something different—something less ornate and abundant than he had attempted in *Paradise Lost.* That his powers were not declining is suggested by the success which attends any efforts he makes to embellish and amplify his subject in the more luxuriant manner. The inset pictures of Rome and Athens and Jerusalem, the rich description of the feast spread in the wilderness, or of the storm which is evoked to work upon Christ's sense of fear—all these things and more are put before us with the fullness and security of power which had marked similar achievements in *Paradise Lost.* There is still much reference to classical literatures and history, similes of the classical type are still occasionally introduced, Milton's feeling for the ancient languages is still shown in the use of words of classical origin with respect for their original meanings. The whole effect, however, is of something more uniformly bare and chaste than Milton had essayed before.

This would seem to be due not to any decline or exhaustion, but to a shifting or settlement of his spirit in a particular direction, perhaps best indicated by the course of the debate in Book IV on the value of the humaner studies. Though Milton had always stood for both the attitudes there represented, the benevolent and the critical, he gives the last and most confident word to the more austere opinion. The difference has sometimes been put as that between the Hellenic and the Hebraic ideals, of which the one is primarily concerned with knowledge and beauty, the other with action and law; and it may be helpful to connect this relative weakening or chastening of the sensuous elements of style in *Paradise Regained* with a growing respect for the Hebraic view of life.

This is not to suggest that Milton was becoming less of a poet. On the contrary he was keenly interested in the artistic possibilities of this more austere manner, which

can be so strong in the suggestion of highly-wrought poetic feeling. It is part of Christ's answer to oppose to the classical orators the Hebrew prophets, and to assert his preference of

> The solid rules of Civil Government
> In their majestic unaffected style

to 'all the Oratory of Greece and Rome', and Milton now shows something of a similar stylistic preference. He does this partly by an effective use of the scriptural language itself. When he incorporated passages of the Biblical narrative of the Creation in *Paradise Lost* he had not manifested the power shown here of welding them into organic fusion with his own poetry, or the same sense of their dramatic possibilities. In Satan's first assault upon Christ the effect of suddenness and spring is greatly assisted by the final adoption of the famous phraseology; and many instances of such dramatic or poetic moments may be gathered. But without direct scriptural quotation in contexts which add something, and owe more, to its charm, there are many passages in which successful use is made of the 'majestic unaffected style', the quick interchange of cut and thrust in Book II, ll. 317 sqq., the resolved heroic spirit of Christ's longer replies. It has to be admitted, however, that Milton does not always rise superior to the dangers which attend the cult of this manner, that the avoidance of 'poetic diction' leads sometimes to flatness and not always to the higher altitudes of poetry.

Milton's versification had been like his philosophy, providing for as much of the beauty of free and various movement as was compatible with the beauty of order and control; and *Paradise Regained* will afford copious illustration of his elastic variation, without negligence, of the basic blank verse pattern by weakening of the stress, in-

version of the feet, additions to the syllables, and shifting of the pause; his command, too, of the subtle relations which may subsist between sound and sense; and his power of weaving his lines into paragraphs in which the rhythms of verse are penetrated and interfused with less palpable rhythms, the 'other harmony of prose'.[1] But the effect in *Paradise Regained* of greater severity, as compared with Milton's earlier works, seems to be due partly to something like a Puritanical disdain for the richer kinds of musical effect; the beautiful blank verse instrument is now and then treated with what appears to be an almost Philistine discourtesy.[2] Milton was ever an experimentalist in prosody, and now in the assurance of his power and in the interests of his austere purpose he tests the pliancy of his medium until it strains and cracks in his hands. It is not surprising to find that in many of the finest parts of *Samson Agonistes* the metrical system is even more free and original.

Milton's poetry has been admired in his own and in all succeeding generations and in the most diverse schools of taste. Many different kinds of beauty have been found in it, but they were all there to find. His appeal both to the classically minded and to the votaries of romance is due to the fullness in which two things were present in him and in his work, the appreciation of form, appearing in his respect for unity, balance, and harmony, and the love of movement, the emotional stir and the versatility of imagination, which the formalist sought constantly and not always successfully to apprehend and enshrine. In *Paradise Regained* the style, as well as the underlying motive, speaks eloquently of the doubtful strife which was waged between the two sides of Milton's nature.

[1] These things are illustrated in Appendix III, on the versification.

[2] Scansions for the more difficult lines are suggested in the notes.

IV. Date and Text.

It was in 1665, during Milton's retirement from London and the Plague to Chalfont St. Giles, that he first thought of writing *Paradise Regained*; the Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, has the merit of having suggested a sequel to *Paradise Lost*, of which Milton had lent him the manuscript. The circumstances may be given in the words of Ellwood's *Autobiography* (1714):

After I had with the best attention read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgement of the favour he had done in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it; which I modestly but freely told him;[1] and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when afterwards I went to wait upon him then (which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my occasions drew me to London), he showed me his second poem, called *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of.'

It has sometimes been assumed from this account that *Paradise Regained* was finished in 1666, in the early part of which year Milton returned to London. But, as Masson points out, Ellwood merely says that it was seen by him on

[1] We may doubt whether Ellwood's critical pronouncements were of great service to the poet. Elsewhere he describes Milton as a 'gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions'.

some unspecified occasion, after 1665. It was licensed for publication on July 2, 1670. There is nothing that enables us to date the poem more certainly than this, for it is not known whether Milton would have wished to publish it in 1667 with *Paradise Lost*, had it been ready.

The original title-page is reproduced opposite.

No other edition was published during the poet's lifetime, the second appearing in 1680 and the third in 1695. Milton's manuscript is not extant and the text of the present edition is that of the first, with correction of the misprints acknowledged in the original list of errata and the use of 's' for 'ſ'.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

A

POEM.

In IV *BOOKS.*

To which is added

SAMSON AGONISTES.

The Author

JOHN MILTON.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M* for *John Starkey* at the *Mitre* in *Fleetstreet*, near *Temple-Bar.*

MDCLXXI.

C

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

The First Book.

I WHO e're while the happy Garden sung,
By one mans disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one mans firm obedience fully tri'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls't,
And *Eden* rais'd in the wast Wilderness.
Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite
Into the Desert, his Victorious Field
Against the Spiritual Foe, and broughtst him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of natures bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd to tell of deeds
Above Heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.
Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful then the sound of Trumpet, cri'd
Repentance, and Heavens Kingdom nigh at hand
To all Baptiz'd : to his great Baptism flock'd
With aw the Regions round, and with them came
From *Nazareth* the Son of *Joseph* deem'd
To the flood *Jordan*, came as then obscure,
Unmarkt, unknown ; but him the Baptist soon
Descri'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long

His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a Dove
The Spirit descended, while the Fathers voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son
That heard the Adversary, who roving still
About the world, at that assembly fam'd
Would not be last, and with the voice divine
Nigh Thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To Councel summons all his mighty Peers,
Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst
With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.
O ancient Powers of Air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old Conquest, then remember Hell
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many Ages, as the years of men,
This Universe we have possest, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,
Since *Adam* and his facil consort *Eve*
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of *Eve*
Upon my head, long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compast, wherein we
Must bide the stroak of that long threatn'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;
For this ill news I bring, the Womans seed
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born,
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youths full flowr, displaying
All vertue, grace and wisdom to atchieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim

His coming, is sent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the Consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King; all come,
And he himself among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I saw
The Prophet do him reverence, on him rising
Out of the water, Heav'n above the Clouds
Unfold her Crystal Dores, thence on his head
A perfect Dove descend, what e're it meant,
And out of Heav'n the Sov'raign voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.
His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire,
He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n,
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Fathers glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well couch't fraud, well woven snares,
E're in the head of Nations he appear
Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruine *Adam*, and the exploit perform'd
Successfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once
Induces best to hope of like success.

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize

To him their great Dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In *Adam*'s overthrow, and led thir march
From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea gods
Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide.
So to the Coast of *Jordan* he directs
His easie steps; girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
To end his Raign on Earth so long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd Counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt
Of the most High, who in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* smiling spake.
Gabriel this day by proof thou shalt behold,
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
With man or mens affairs, how I begin
To verifie that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In *Galilee*, that she should bear a Son
Great in Renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then toldst her doubting how these things could be
To her a Virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the highest
O're-shadow her: this man born and now up-grown,
To shew him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
His utmost subtilty, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apostasie; he might have learnt
Less over-weening, since he fail'd in *Job*,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate're his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a man
Of female Seed, far abler to resist
All his sollicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
Winning by Conquest what the first man lost

By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean
To exercise him in the Wilderness,
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, e're I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
By Humiliation and strong Sufferance:
His weakness shall o'recome Satanic strength
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the Angels and Ætherial Powers,
They now, and men hereafter may discern,
From what consummate vertue I have chose
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.
So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns
Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd,
Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.
Victory and Triumph to the Son of God
Now entring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial Vertue, though untri'd,
Against whate're may tempt, whate're seduce,
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,
And devilish machinations come to nought.
So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in *Bethabara* where *John* baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his brest,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading;
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entred now the bordering Desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy Meditations thus persu'd.
O what a multitude of thoughts at once

Awakn'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel my self, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd.
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be publick good; my self I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The Law of God I read, and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that e're yet my age
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great Feast
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The Teachers of our Law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all, yet this not all
To which my Spirit aspir'd, victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To rescue *Israel* from the *Roman* yoke,
Thence to subdue and quell o're all the earth
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make perswasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring Soul
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unware
Misled: the stubborn only to subdue.
These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth inly rejoyc'd,
And said to me apart, high are thy thoughts
O Son, but nourish them and let them soar
To what highth sacred vertue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high;
By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know, thou art no Son of mortal man,
Though men esteem thee low of Parentage,
Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and Sons of men,
A messenger from God fore-told thy birth

Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he fore-told
Thou shouldst be great and sit on *David*'s Throne,
And of thy Kingdom there should be no end.
At thy Nativity a glorious Quire
Of Angels in the fields of *Bethlehem* sung
To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him, and to thee they came;
Directed to the Manger where thou lais't,
For in the Inn was left no better room:
A Star, not seen before in Heaven appearing
Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,
To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heaven,
By which they knew thee King of *Israel* born.
Just *Simeon* and Prophetic *Anna*, warn'd
By Vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake
Before the Altar and the vested Priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.
This having heard, strait I again revolv'd
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay even to the death,
E're I the promis'd Kingdom can attain,
Or work Redemption for mankind, whose sins
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus disheartn'd or dismay'd,
The time prefixt I waited, when behold
The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his Baptism came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was shew'n him so from Heaven)
Me him whose Harbinger he was; and first
Refus'd on me his Baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won;
But as I rose out of the laving stream,

Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a Dove,
And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The Authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
So spake our Morning Star then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless Desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by humane steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodg'd in his brest, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choicest Society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient Oak,
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
Among wild Beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in Rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray Ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather; which might serve
Against a Winters day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at Eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utt'red spake.
Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass

In Troop or Caravan, for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His Carcass, pin'd with hunger and with droughth?
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
Of *Jordan* honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
To Town or Village nigh (nighest is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happ'ns new; Fame also finds us out.
To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek.
By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More then the Camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, Command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;
So shalt thou save thy self and us relieve
With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.
He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'st thou such force in Bread? is it not written
(For I discern thee other then thou seem'st)
Man lives not by Bread only, but each Word
Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
And forty days *Eliah* without food
Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
Whom thus answer'd th' Arch Fiend now undisguis'd.
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy Station, but was driv'n
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy

Large liberty to round this Globe of Earth,
Or range in th' Air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands *Uzzean Job*
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud King *Ahab* into fraud
That he might fall in *Ramoth*, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lyes
To his destruction, as I had in charge.
For what he bids I do; though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or vertuous, I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me then desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in these Regions of the World,
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and wo.
At first it may be; but long since with wo
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each mans peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were Man adjoyn'd:
This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.
To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.

Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lyes
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heavens; thou com'st indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the Prime in Splendour, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptyed, gaz'd, unpityed, shun'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
To all the Host of Heaven; the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell then when in Heaven.
But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King.
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous *Job*, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions, but his patience won?
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a lyer in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all Oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confest more true
Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lyes.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark
Ambiguous and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
To flye or follow what concern'd him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly giv'n the Nations up
To thy Delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous, but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his Providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels President
In every Province, who themselves disdaining

To approach thy Temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a Fawning Parasite obey'st;
Then to thy self ascrib'st the truth fore-told.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceast,
And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
Shalt be enquir'd at *Delphos* or elsewhere,
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his living Oracle
Into the World, to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.
  So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembl'd, and this answer smooth return'd.
  Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath rested from me; where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
If it may stand him more in stead to lye,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac't above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and must submiss endure
Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discourst, pleasing to th' ear,
And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Vertue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Priest
To tread his Sacred Courts, and minister
About his Altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice

To *Balaam* Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.
To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more.
He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade
The Desert, Fowls in thir clay nests were couch't;
And now wild Beasts came forth the woods to roam.

The End of the First Book.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

The Second Book.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At *Jordan* with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expresly call'd
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high Authority had believ'd,
And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and *Simon*, famous after known
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
Now missing him thir joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd thir doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long;
And the great *Thisbite* who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
Sought lost *Eliah*, so in each place these
Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jerico*
The City of Palms, *Ænon*, and *Salem* Old,
Machærus and each Town or City wall'd
On this side the broad lake *Genezaret*,
Or in *Perea*, but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of *Jordan*, by a Creek:
Where winds with Reeds, and Osiers whisp'ring play
Plain Fishermen, no greater men them call,
Close in a Cottage low together got

Thir unexpected loss and plaints out breath'd.
Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlook'd for are we fall'n, our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth,
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
The Kingdom shall to *Israel* be restor'd:
Thus we rejoyc'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of *Israel*,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the Kings of the Earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what highth thir pow'r unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee, arise and vindicate
Thy Glory, free thy people from thir yoke,
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown,
In publick, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence,
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.
Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought:
But to his Mother *Mary*, when she saw
Others return'd from Baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at *Jordan*, tydings of him none;
Within her brest, though calm; her brest though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubl'd thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.
O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
Hale highly favour'd, among women blest;
While I to sorrows am no less advanc't,
And fears as eminent, above the lot

Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In such a season born when scarce a Shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air; a Stable was our warmth,
A Manger his, yet soon enforc't to flye
Thence into *Egypt*, till the Murd'rous King
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With Infant blood the streets of *Bethlehem*;
From *Egypt* home return'd, in *Nazareth*
Hath been our dwelling many years, his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any King; but now
Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By *John* the Baptist, and in publick shown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;
I look't for some great change; to Honour? no,
But trouble, as old *Simeon* plain fore-told,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in *Israel*, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very Soul
A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
My Exaltation to Afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? some great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand; much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.
Thus *Mary* pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son tracing the Desert wild,
Sole but with holiest Meditations fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;

How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and mission high:
For Satan with slye preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gon
Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
Where all his Potentates in Council sate;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Sollicitous and blank he thus began.
  Princes, Heavens antient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from the Element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd,
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble; such an Enemy
Is ris'n to invade us, who no less
Threat'ns then our expulsion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impowr'd,
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergon
Then when I dealt with *Adam* first of Men,
Though *Adam* by his Wives allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far,
If he be Man by Mothers side at least,
With more then humane gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest 'confidence
Of my success with *Eve* in Paradise
Deceive ye to perswasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.
  So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assur'd thir utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial the dissclutest Spirit that fell
The sensuallest, and after *Asmodai*
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.
  Set women in his eye and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found;

Many are in each Region passing fair
As the noon Skie; more like to Goddesses
Then Mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous Arts, enchanting tongues
Perswasive, Virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangl'd in Amorous Nets.
Such object hath the power to soft'n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest brest,
As the Magnetic hardest Iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest *Solomon*, and made him build,
And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thy self; because of old
Thou thy self doat'st on womankind, admiring
Thir shape, thir colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,
False titl'd Sons of God, roaming the Earth
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupl'd with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'st,
In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,
In Valley or Green Meadow to way-lay
Some beauty rare, *Calisto*, *Clymene*,
Daphne, or *Semele*, *Antiopa*,
Or *Amymone*, *Syrinx*, many more
Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, *Neptune*, *Jupiter*, or *Pan*,
Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But these haunts
Delight not all; among the Sons of Men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that *Pellean* Conquerour,

A youth, how all the Beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly over-pass'd;
How hee sirnam'd of *Africa* dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* maid.
For *Solomon* he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design then to enjoy his State;
Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd;
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Then *Solomon*, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
Though of this Age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire? or should she confident,
As sitting Queen ador'd on Beauties Throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To enamour, as the Zone of *Venus* once
Wrought that effect on *Jove*, so Fables tell;
How would one look from his Majestick brow
Seated as on the top of Vertues hill,
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe? for Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her Plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abasht:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfie
Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness;
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.
He ceas'd, and heard thir grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of Spirits likest to himself in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,

If cause were to unfold some active Scene
Of various persons each to know his part;
Then to the Desert takes with these his flight;
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
After forty days fasting had remain'd,
Now hungring first, and to himself thus said.
Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass'd
Wandring this woody maze, and humane food
Nor tasted, nor had appetite: that Fast
To Vertue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,
Or God support Nature without repast
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares,
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
Can satisfie that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain: so it remain
Without this bodies wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Mee hungring more to do my Fathers will.
It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of Trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Natures refreshment sweet;
Him thought, he by the Brook of *Cherith* stood
And saw the Ravens with thir horny beaks
Food to *Elijah* bringing Even and Morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
He saw the Prophet also how he fled
Into the Desert, and how there he slept
Under a Juniper; then how awakt,
He found his Supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days,
Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,
Or as a guest with *Daniel* at his pulse.
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
Left his ground-nest, high towring to descry

The morns approach, and greet her with his Song:
As lightly from his grassy Couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
But Cottage, Herd or Sheep-cote none he saw,
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,
With chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To rest at noon, and entr'd soon the shade
High roofft and walks beneath, and alleys brown
That open'd in the midst a woody Scene,
Natures own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)
And to a Superstitious eye the haunt
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it round,
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.
With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this Wilderness;
The Fugitive Bond-woman with her Son
Out cast *Nebaioth*, yet found he relief
By a providing Angel; all the race
Of *Israel* here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heaven Manna, and that Prophet bold
Native of *Thebez* wandring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed.
To whom thus Jesus; what conclud'st thou hence?
They all had need, I as thou seest have none.
How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd,
Tell me if Food were now before thee set,
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like

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The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend,
Hast thou not right to all Created things,
Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee
Duty and Service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
To Idols, those young *Daniel* could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who
Would scruple that, with want opprest? behold
Nature asham'd, or better to express,
Troubl'd that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the Elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour, only deign to sit and eat.
He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A Table richly spred, in regal mode,
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And savour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boyl'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all Fish from Sea or Shore,
Freshet, or purling Brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and *Lucrine* Bay, and *Afric* Coast.
Alas how simple, to these Cates compar'd,
Was that crude Apple that diverted *Eve*!
And at a stately side-board by the wine
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hew
Then *Ganymed* or *Hylas*, distant more
Under the Trees now trip'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of *Diana*'s train, and *Naiades*
With fruits and flowers from *Amalthea*'s horn,
And Ladies of th' *Hesperides*, that seem'd
Fairer then feign'd of old, or fabl'd since
Of Fairy Damsels met in Forest wide
By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*,
Lancelot or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*,
And all the while Harmonious Airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes and winds

Of gentlest gale *Arabian* odors fann'd
From their soft wings, and *Flora*'s earliest smells.
Such was the Splendour, and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.
What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not Fruits forbidden, no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure,
Thir taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,
Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee thir Lord:
What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.
To whom thus Jesus temperately reply'd:
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow'r that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, assoon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant
Array'd in Glory on my cup to attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles.
To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have also power to give thou seest,
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose
Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that
Both Table and Provision vanish'd quite
With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only the importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursu'd.

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions: but wherewith to be atchiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprise,
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self
Bred up in poverty and streights at home;
Lost in a Desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence Authority deriv'st,
What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,
Longer then thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings Honour, Friends, Conquest, and Realms;
What rais'd *Antipater* the *Edomite*,
And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Juda*'s Throne;
(Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd;
Yet Wealth without these three is impotent,
To gain dominion or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those antient Empires of the Earth,
In highth of all thir flowing wealth dissolv'd:
But men endu'd with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon and *Jephtha*, and the Shepherd lad,
Whose off-spring on the Throne of *Juda* sat
So many Ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in *Israel* without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of Memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, *Fabricius*, *Curius*, *Regulus*?
For I esteem those names of men so poor

Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of Kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools
The wise mans cumbrance if not snare, more apt
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Then prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and Realms; yet not for that a Crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the Regal Diadem,
When on his shoulders each mans burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a King,
His Honour, Vertue, Merit and chief Praise,
That for the Publick all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King;
Which every wise and vertuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or head-strong Multitudes,
Subject himself to Anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
But to guide Nations in the way of truth
By saving Doctrine, and from errour lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more Kingly, this attracts the Soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part,
That other o're the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight.
Besides to give a Kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, then to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a Scepter, oftest better miss't.

The End of the Second Book.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

The Third Book.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
A while as mute confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinc't
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.
I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Conteins of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy Counsel would be as the Oracle
Urim and *Thummim*, those oraculous gems
On *Aaron*'s breast: or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy Prowess, or subsist
In battel, though against thy few in arms.
These God-like Vertues wherefore dost thou hide?
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage Wilderness, wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thy self
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts the flame
Of most erected Spirits, most temper'd pure
Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,

All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers all but the highest?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe, the Son
Of *Macedonian Philip* had e're these
Won *Asia* and the Throne of *Cyrus* held
At his dispose, young *Scipio* had brought down
The *Carthaginian* pride, young *Pompey* quell'd
The *Pontic* King and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great *Julius*, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.
To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
Thou neither dost perswade me to seek wealth
For Empires sake, nor Empire to affect
For glories sake by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The peoples praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, & well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise,
They praise and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon thir tongues and be thir talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises; thus he did to *Job*,
When to extend his fame through Heaven & Earth,
As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember,
He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant *Job*?
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.

They err who count it glorious to subdue
By Conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large Countries, and in field great Battels win,
Great Cities by assault: what do these Worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made Captive, yet deserving freedom more
Then those thir Conquerours, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe're they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride, and must be titl'd Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worship't with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;
One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,
Till Conquerour Death discover them scarce men,
Rowling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death thir due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance; I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
Made famous in a Land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient *Job*?
Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truths sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest Conquerours.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer'd; if young *African* for fame
His wasted Country freed from *Punic* rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.
To whom the Tempter murmuring thus reply'd.
Think not so slight of glory; therein least,
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs, nor content in Heaven

By all his Angels glorifi'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc't glory he exacts.
To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Then glory and benediction, that is thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompence, unsutable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory? who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs;
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not thir own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.
So spake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all,
Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.
Of glory as thou wilt, said he, so deem,
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy Father *David*'s Throne;
By Mother's side thy Father, though thy right

Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms;
Judæa now and all the promis'd land
Reduc't a Province under Roman yoke,
Obeys *Tiberius*; nor is always rul'd
With temperate sway; oft have they violated
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
So did not *Machabeus*: he indeed
Retir'd unto the Desert, but with arms;
And o're a mighty King so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his Family obtain'd,
Though Priests, the Crown, and *David*'s Throne usurp'd,
With *Modin* and her Suburbs once content.
If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal,
And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not slow;
But on Occasions forelock watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy Fathers house, Duty to free
Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fullfil, best verifie
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless raign,
The happier raign the sooner it begins,
Raign then; what canst thou better do the while?
To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
All things are best fullfil'd in thir due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
If of my raign Prophetic Writ hath told
That it shall never end, so when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roul.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd; just tryal e're I merit

My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting Kingdom, why art thou
Sollicitous, what moves thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?
To whom the Tempter inly rackt reply'd.
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear;
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me then the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my Port,
My harbour and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for it self condemn'd,
And will alike be punish'd; whether thou
Raign or raign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could flye, and hope thy raign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather then aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Fathers ire,
(Whose ire I dread more then the fire of Hell)
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summers cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be hast,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest both to thy self and all the world,
That thou who worthiest art should'st be thir King?
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
Of the enterprize so hazardous and high;
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, consider
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce view'd the *Gallilean* Towns,
And once a year *Jerusalem*, few days
Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and Monarchs, and thir radiant Courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest in sight

In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienc't, will be ever
Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,
(As he who seeking Asses found a Kingdom)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous:
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The Monarchies of the Earth, thir pomp and state,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal Arts,
And regal Mysteries; that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand.
With that (such power was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a Mountain high.
It was a Mountain at whose verdant feet
A spatious plain out strech't in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, the other strait and left between
Fair Champain with less rivers interveind,
Then meeting joyn'd thir tribute to the Sea:
Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine,
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills,
Huge Cities and high towr'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large
The Prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.
Well have we speeded, and o're hill and dale,
Forest and field, and flood, Temples and Towers
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Assyria and her Empires antient bounds,
Araxes and the *Caspian* lake, thence on
As far as *Indus* East, *Euphrates* West,
And oft beyond; to South the *Persian* Bay,
And inaccessible the *Arabian* drouth:
Here *Ninevee*, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by *Ninus* old,
Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,
And seat of *Salmanassar*, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues,

As antient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy Father *David*'s house
Led captive, and *Jerusalem* laid waste,
Till *Cyrus* set them free; *Persepolis*
His City there thou seest, and *Bactra* there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
And *Hecatompylos* her hunderd gates,
There *Susa* by *Choaspes*, amber stream,
The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
Built by *Emathian*, or by *Parthian* hands,
The great *Seleucia*, *Nisibis*, and there
Artaxata, *Teredon*, *Tesiphon*,
Turning with easie eye thou may'st behold.
All these the *Parthian*, now some Ages past,
By great *Arsaces* led, who founded first
That Empire, under his dominion holds
From the luxurious Kings of *Antioch* won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power; for now the *Parthian* King
In *Ctesiphon* hath gather'd all his Host
Against the *Scythian*, whose incursions wild
Have wasted *Sogdiana*; to her aid
He marches now in hast; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, Steel Bows, and Shafts their arms
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In Rhombs and wedges, and half moons, and wings.
He look't and saw what numbers numberless
The City gates out powr'd, light armed Troops
In coats of Mail and military pride;
In Mail thir horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
From *Arachosia*, from *Candaor* East,
And *Margiana* to the *Hyrcanian* cliffs
Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,
From *Atropatia* and the neighbouring plains
Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South
Of *Susiana* to *Balsara*'s hav'n.
He saw them in thir forms of battell rang'd,

How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowie showers against the face
Of thir pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;
Chariots or Elephants endorst with Towers
Of Archers, nor of labouring Pioners
A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or over-lay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries,
And Waggons fraught with Utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When *Agrican* with all his Northern powers
Besieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell;
The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win
The fairest of her Sex *Angelica*
His daughter, sought by many Prowest Knights,
Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charlemane*.
Such and so numerous was thir Chivalrie;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy Vertue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and shewn
All this fair sight; thy Kingdom though foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy Father *David* did,
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means,
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wer't possess'd of *David*'s Throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or *Jew*; how could'st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
Between two such enclosing enemies
Roman and *Parthian*? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the *Parthian* first
By my advice, as nearer and of late

Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigonus, and old *Hyrcanus* bound,
Maugre the *Roman*: it shall be my task
To render thee the *Parthian* at dispose;
Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In *David*'s royal seat, his true Successour,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes
Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve
In *Habor*, and among the *Medes* dispers't,
Ten Sons of *Jacob*, two of *Joseph* lost
Thus long from *Israel*; serving as of old
Thir Fathers in the land of *Egypt* serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To thir inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the Throne of *David* in full glory,
From *Egypt* to *Euphrates* and beyond
Shalt raign, and *Rome* or *Cæsar* not need fear.
To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragile arms, much instrument of war
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.
Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:
My time I told thee, (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off) is not yet come;
When that comes think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
Of human weakness rather then of strength.
My brethren, as thou call'st them; those Ten Tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to raign
David's true heir, and his full Scepter sway
To just extent over all *Israel*'s Sons;

But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For *Israel*, or for *David*, or his Throne,
When thou stood'st up his Tempter to the pride
Of numbring *Israel*, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand *Israelites*
By three days Pestilence? such was thy zeal
To *Israel* then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship Calves, the Deities
Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Ashtaroth*,
And all the Idolatries of Heathen round,
Besides thir other worse then heathenish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their fore-fathers; but so dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentils, but by Circumcision vain,
And God with Idols in their worship joyn'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their antient Patrimony,
Unhumbl'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; and to thir Gods perhaps
Of *Bethel* and of *Dan*? no, let them serve
Thir enemies, who serve Idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Remembring *Abraham* by some wond'rous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the *Assyrian* flood,
While to their native land with joy they hast,
As the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land thir Fathers pass'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.
So spake *Israel*'s true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falshood contends.

The End of the Third Book.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

The Fourth Book.

PERPLEX'D and troubl'd at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope,
So oft, and the perswasive Rhetoric
That sleek't his tongue, and won so much on *Eve*,
So little here, nay lost; but *Eve* was *Eve*,
This far his over-match, who self deceiv'd
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reach't where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spight
Still will be tempting him who foyls him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet moust is powr'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash't, the assault renew,
Vain battry, and in froth or bubbles end:
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever; and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o're though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long but in bredth not wide;
Wash'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North

To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men
From cold *Septentrion* blasts, thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an Imperial City stood,
With Towers and Temples proudly elevate
On seven small Hills, with Palaces adorn'd,
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
Statues and Trophees, and Triumphal Arcs,
Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,
Above the highth of Mountains interpos'd.
By what strange Parallax or Optic skill
Of vision multiplyed through air, or glass
Of Telescope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.
The City which thou seest no other deem
Then great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enricht
Of Nations; there the Capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the *Tarpeian* rock, her Cittadel
Impregnable, and there Mount *Palatine*
The Imperial Palace, compass huge, and high
The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and Terrases, and glittering Spires.
Many a fair Edifice besides, more like
Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos'd
My Aerie Microscope) thou may'st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,
Pretors, Proconsuls to thir Provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of State;
Lictors and rods the ensigns of thir power,
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:
Or Embassies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the *Appian* road,
Or on the *Æmilian*, some from farthest South,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,

Meroe, Nilotic Isle, and more to West,
The Realm of *Bocchus* to the Black-moor Sea;
From the *Asian* Kings and *Parthian* among these,
From *India* and the golden *Chersoness*,
And utmost *Indian* Isle *Taprobane*,
Dusk faces with white silken Turbants wreath'd:
From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *British* West,
Germans and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North
Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.
All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay,
To *Rome*'s great Emperour, whose wide domain
In ample Territory, wealth and power,
Civility of Manners, Arts, and Arms,
And long Renown thou justly may'st prefer
Before the *Parthian*; these two Thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
The Kingdoms of the world, and all thir glory.
This Emperour hath no Son, and now is old,
Old, and lascivious, and from *Rome* retir'd
To *Capreæ* an Island small but strong
On the *Campanian* shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked Favourite
All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what ease
Indu'd with Regal Vertues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his Throne
Now made a stye, and in his place ascending
A victor people free from servile yoke?
And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less then all the world,
Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
On *David*'s Throne, be propheci'd what will.
To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More then of arms before, allure mine eye,

Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
Thir sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On *Cittron* tables or *Atlantic* stone;
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of *Setia*, *Cales*, and *Falerne*,
Chios and *Creet*, and how they quaff in Gold,
Crystal and Myrrhine cups imboss'd with Gems
And studs of Pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst
And hunger still: then Embassies thou shew'st
From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,
But tedious wast of time to sit and hear
So many hollow complements and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk
Of the Emperour, how easily subdu'd,
How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a Devil who first made him such?
Let his tormenter Conscience find him out,
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
Peeling thir Provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by thir sports to blood enur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,
Luxurious by thir wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily Scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
Know therefore when my season comes to sit
On *David*'s Throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and over-shadowing all the Earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All Monarchies besides throughout the world,
And of my Kingdom there shall be no end:
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.
To whom the Tempter impudent repli'd.

I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more then still to contradict:
On the other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
The Kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior Lord,
Easily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can less so great a gift deserve?
Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
The abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written
The first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
For this attempt bolder then that on *Eve*,
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
The Kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp't,
Other donation none thou canst produce:
If given, by whom but by the King of Kings,
God over all supreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.
To whom the Fiend with fear abasht reply'd.
Be not so sore offended, Son of God;

Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,
If I to try whether in higher sort
Then these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from Men and Angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok't and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
The tryal hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Then to a worldly Crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When slipping from thy Mothers eye thou went'st
Alone into the Temple; there was found
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting *Moses* Chair,
Teaching not taught; the childhood shews the man,
As morning shews the day. Be famous then
By wisdom; as thy Empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o're all the world,
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend,
All knowledge is not couch't in *Moses* Law,
The *Pentateuch* or what the Prophets wrote,
The *Gentiles* also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Natures light;
And with the *Gentiles* much thou must converse,
Ruling them by perswasion as thou mean'st,
Without thir learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Thir Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc't.
Look once more e're we leave this specular Mount
Westward, much nearer by Southwest, behold
Where on the *Ægean* shore a City stands

Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts
And Eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or Suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attic* Bird
Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long,
There flowrie hill *Hymettus* with the sound
Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there *Ilissus* rouls
His whispering stream; within the walls then view
The schools of antient Sages; his who bred
Great *Alexander* to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted *Stoa* next:
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and *Dorian Lyric* Odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind *Melesigenes* thence *Homer* call'd,
Whose Poem *Phœbus* challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave Tragœdians taught
In *Chorus* or *Iambic*, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describing:
Thence to the famous Orators repair,
Those antient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce Democratie,
Shook the Arsenal and fulmin'd over *Greece*,
To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes* Throne;
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-rooft house
Of *Socrates*, see there his Tenement,
Whom well inspir'd the Oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Sirnam'd *Peripatetics*, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the *Stoic* severe;

These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's waight;
These rules will render thee a King compleat
Within thy self, much more with Empire joyn'd.
To whom our Saviour sagely thus repli'd.
Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I aught: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sence;
Others in vertue plac'd felicity,
But vertue joyn'd with riches and long life,
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease,
The Stoic last in Philosophic pride,
By him call'd vertue; and his vertuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas what can they teach, and not mislead;
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awrie,
And in themselves seek vertue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However many books
Wise men have said are wearisom; who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)
Uncertain and unsettl'd still remains,
Deep verst in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a spunge;
As Children gathering pibles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With Music or with Poem, where so soon
As in our native Language can I find
That solace? All our Law and Story strew'd
With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in *Babylon*,
That pleas'd so well our Victors ear, declare
That rather *Greece* from us these Arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of thir Deities, and thir own
In Fable, Hymn, or Song, so personating
Thir Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling Epithetes thick laid
As varnish on a Harlots cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With *Sion*'s songs, to all true tasts excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and Godlike men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee;
Unless where moral vertue is express't
By light of Nature not in all quite lost.
Thir Orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of Eloquence, Statists indeed,
And lovers of thir Country, as may seem;
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of Civil Government
In thir majestic unaffected stile
Then all the Oratory of *Greece* and *Rome*.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat;
These only with our Law best form a King.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.
Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
What dost thou in this World? the Wilderness
For thee is fittest place, I found thee there,
And thither will return thee, yet remember
What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On *David*'s Throne; or Throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When Prophesies of thee are best fullfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,
Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
Voluminous, or single characters,
In thir conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate,
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death,
A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real or Allegoric I discern not,
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixt
Directs me in the Starry Rubric set.
So saying he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night
Her shadowy off-spring unsubstantial both,
Privation meer of light and absent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubl'd mind
After his aerie jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades
Whose branching arms thick intertwind might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,

But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep; and either Tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the Clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruine reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
Within thir stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
Bow'd thir Stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst
Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,
Infernal Ghosts, and Hellish Furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee thir fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly Spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the Sun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The Prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,
And mad despight to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the North and West by a thick wood,

Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape;
And in a careless mood thus to him said.
Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
After a dismal night; I heard the rack
As Earth and Skie would mingle; but my self
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillard frame of Heaven,
Or to the Earths dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholsom, as a sneeze
To mans less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they rore, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signifie and threaten ill:
This Tempest at this Desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfet season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of Fate, persue thy way
Of gaining *David*'s Throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities and pains,
E're thou of *Israel*'s Scepter get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.
So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus.
Mee worse then wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threatning nigh; what they can do as signs
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn

As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I shall raign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrifie
Mee to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.
To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd:
Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc't by *Gabriel* with the first I knew,
And of the Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field,
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the Ford of *Jordan* whither all
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
Though not to be Baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower Scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no single sence;
The Son of God I also am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this wast wild;
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
To understand my Adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent,
By parl, or composition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee

Proof against all temptation as a rock
Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm,
To the utmost of meer man both wise and good,
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may agen:
Therefore to know what more thou art then man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I must now begin.
So saying he caught him up, and without wing
Of *Hippogrif* bore through the Air sublime
Over the Wilderness and o're the Plain;
Till underneath them fair *Jerusalem*,
The holy City lifted high her Towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alabaster, top't with golden Spires:
There on the highest Pinacle he set
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn:
There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Fathers house
Have brought thee, and highest plac't, highest is best,
Now shew thy Progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thy self down; safely if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in thir hands
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.
To whom thus Jesus: also it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God, he said and stood.
But Satan smitten with amazement fell
As when Earths Son *Antæus* (to compare
Small things with greatest) in *Irassa* strove
With *Joves Alcides*, and oft foil'd still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joyn'd,
Throttl'd at length in the Air, expir'd and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.
And as that *Theban* Monster that propos'd
Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;
That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight

Cast her self headlong from th' *Ismenian* steep,
So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hop't success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell and strait a fiery Globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy Vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasie station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe Air,
Then in a flowry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spred
A table of Celestial Food, Divine,
Ambrosial, Fruits fetcht from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life Ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst, and as he fed, Angelic Quires
Sung Heavenly Anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.
True Image of the Father whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, enshrin'd
In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wandring the Wilderness, whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force indu'd
Against th' Attempter of thy Fathers Throne,
And Thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heav'n cast
With all his Army, now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted *Adam*, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For *Adam* and his chosen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-install.
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be

Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star
Or Lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n trod down
Under his feet: for proof, e're this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates *Abaddon* rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy Demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they shall flye,
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before thir time.
Hail Son of the most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.
Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from Heavenly Feast refresht
Brought on his way with joy; hee unobserv'd
Home to his Mothers house private return'd.

The End.

NOTES

NOTES[1]

BOOK I

1. *I who, &c.* Milton would remember the lines prefixed to the *Aeneid*, 'Ille ego, &c.', and the opening of the *Faerie Queene*, 'Lo! I the man, &c.' Such references are not made pedantically by Milton but with a view to recalling and communicating the feelings which the earlier writers had inspired in him.

2–4. Cp. Romans v. 19.

7. Cp. Isaiah li. 3. Note how the weakening of stress in the third foot (in the) helps to mark the contrast between 'Eden rais'd' and the 'wast Wilderness'.

8. *Eremite.* A 'doublet' form of 'hermit', used here with special reference to the original Greek ἐρημίτης, 'dweller in the wilderness'.

12. *As thou art wont.* Milton made the Holy Spirit his Muse. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 6. But the Holy Spirit plays no prominent part in his theology.

14. *full summ'd.* Completed. With feathers fully grown; a technical term in falconry. To modern readers the sense is clearer with a comma after this word.

18–20. Cp. Isaiah lviii. 1.

27. *his worthier.* One worthier than him. Cp. l. 279, 'his greater'.

37. *attest.* Testimony.

42. *Consistory.* Accent on first syllable.

44. *Powers of Air and this wide world.* See *Paradise Lost*, x. 391–492, and cp. Ephesians ii. 2 and vi. 12.

46. *then.* The common form, in Milton's time, of the modern 'than'.

53. *attending when.* Waiting until.

60–2. *and by the head &c.* And if by the broken head be not meant the breaking of all our power. *Infring'd.* Note similar instances where the sense of Milton's words is near to the original

[1] In compiling the Notes the editor has been greatly helped by the work of earlier commentators, and desires to express his indebtedness to them, especially for Biblical and classical parallels. He has also to thank Mr. K. Sisam, of the Clarendon Press, for valuable suggestions.

Latin meaning. Milton would court the classical association for its poetic value; the connotation and power of the words is extended. Note also his use of classical constructions and devices (noun and participle, adjective for noun, &c.) with intent to add weight and elevation to his themes.

85. *in him am pleas'd.* A rather awkward instance of the sort of elliptic, compressive syntax frequently adopted by Milton in this poem. Cp. ll. 147, 221, 270–1, 309, and 354 below.

87. *obtains.* The sense of the Latin *obtineo.* Holds, possesses.

89. *first-begot.* Cp. *Paradise Lost*, v. 603-4 and vi. 824 sqq.

103. *a calmer voyage.* Calmer than that described in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 927 sqq.

117. *gods.* *Paradise Lost*, i. 392–521, shows best how Milton identified the heathen gods with the fallen angels.

128. *frequence.* Assemblage, concourse.

129. *to Gabriel.* As the Angel of Mercy, and 'Chief of the Angelic Guards' over Paradise in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 550.

140. *O're-shadow, &c.* Scan O're-shadow | her: this | &c.

143. *tempt, assay.* Make trial of.

146. *Apostasie.* Apostates. Milton's abstract terms often have more poetic value and suggestiveness than the corresponding concrete usages.

147. *over-weening.* The substantive, now rare, meaning arrogance, presumption.

155. *fallacy.* Artifice, trick.

157–8. *the rudiments Of his great warfare.* Dunster compares with Virgil, *Aeneid*, xi. 156:

> Primitiae iuvenis miserae! bellique propinqui
> Dura rudimenta!

171–2. *the hand Sung with the voice.* Instrumental as well as vocal music. Calton compares with Tibullus, III. iv. 41:

> Sed postquam fuerant digiti cum voce locuti.

173. *Victory and Triumph.* Perhaps a reminiscence of the title of Giles Fletcher's poem, *Christ's Victory and Triumph.*

176. *secure.* Without anxiety; the sense of *securus.*

184. *Bethabara.* John i. 28.

189–90. *the Spirit leading;* The semi-colon somewhat obscures the construction for the modern reader: 'the Spirit and his deep thoughts leading him.'

196–293. A good deal of the early part of this speech may be read as a reflection of Milton's own childhood and early ambitions. Note also that in agreement with some theologians Milton here makes Christ only gradually sensible of his Divine nature.

203. *Serious.* With adverbial sense.

204–5. Cp. John xviii. 37.

207–8. Cp. Psalms i. 2.

214. *admir'd.* Wondered at.

224–5. *Not wilfully . . . Misled.* Which is not wilfully doing wrong, but is led astray unawares.

226. *subdue.* Substituted in the errata for the original reading 'destroy'; a more gracious afterthought.

259. *revolved.* Turned over the leaves of (the books). Cp. iv. 281. The other sense, 'considered', is also probably to be felt.

263. *I am.* Note the strong placing of this phrase, with its possible reference to John viii. 58. 'I soon found that I am he of whom they spake.'

269. *prefixt.* Fixed beforehand.

276–7. *Me him.* Note the similar repetitions, ll. 284–5 and ii. 9–10. Cp. *Lycidas*, 8–9 and 37–8.

294. *our Morning Star.* Cp. Revelation xxii. 16.

296. *horrid shades.* The sense of 'horridus'. Cp. *Comus*, l. 429, 'shagged with horrid shades'.

310. Cp. Mark i. 13. Giles Fletcher describing the Temptation in his *Christ's Victory and Triumph* enlarges similarly:

> The lamb stood gazing by the tiger's side
> . . . . . .
> And on the lion's back the goat did ride.

There are reminiscences, too, of Isaiah xi. 6–9 and of Virgil's Fourth Eclogue.

312. *Worm.* Snake or reptile.

314. *an aged man in Rural weeds.* An 'aged sire' in Fletcher's poem. Comus had also adopted the guise of

> some harmles Villager
> Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear.
> (*Comus*, ll. 166–7.)

323–4. *for single &c.* For no one ever came here alone and was then able to return, escaping death from hunger and thirst.

326. *admire.* The same sense as in l. 214 above.

333–4. *Where . . . new.* 'Where we hear of any new happenings and are curious to do so.'

339. *stubs.* Stumps or stubble.

351. *here.* Milton is vague as to topography, and appears at this point to identify the great Arabian desert with the desert valley of the Jordan, the alleged scene of the Temptation.

352. *eat.* The form of the past tense favoured by Milton.

361. *With . . . deep.* The line recalls *Paradise Lost*, vi. 865–6.

> Eternal wrath
> Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

The metre in both passages is irregular but suggestive.

363. *unconniving.* Incessant, unremitting.

370. *illustrate.* Bring into light. Accent on second syllable.

372. *fraud.* Injury, as sometimes the Latin 'fraus'.

379–80. *To be belov'd . . . To love.* Infinitives used as nouns; objects of 'lost'.

380. *contemplate.* Accent on the second syllable.

383. *less.* The construction is confusing, though similar instances are rife in the English of Milton's time and earlier. 'Less' is put for 'more', the thought being 'I desire *everything else* less than I desire to see thee.'

385. *attent.* Attentively.

399. *it may be.* Understand 'that it was so'.

399–401. *with woe Nearer acquainted.* Satan glances at the prophetic phrase (Isaiah liii. 3) appropriated to Christ himself: 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.'

402. *aught.* Adverbial, 'at all'.

413. *the Prime.* The first, or supreme.

420. *So never more, &c.* Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 21–3:

> nor from Hell
> One step no more then from himself can fly
> By change of place.

439. *instruct.* Obsolete form of the past participle.

446–51. There was theological authority for the notion that truth-telling oracles spoke by permission of God, delegated through angels presiding over particular localities.

449. *give thee in command.* Lay down, dictate to thee.

456. *Oracles are ceast.* An early Christian tradition. Cp. Milton, 'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity, The Hymn,' stanza 19: 'The Oracles are dumb', &c.

466. *disdain.* In the obsolete sense of indignation.

468. *insisted on.* Persisted in (sharp rebuke).

470. *rested.* Wrested.

474. Is Milton thinking of numerous contemporaries who changed their political views at the Restoration?

476. *submiss.* In submission. The Latin participial form. Cp. 'instruct', l. 439 above.

479–80. Cp. *Comus*, l. 476, 'How charming is divine philosophy' et seq.

480. *tuneable.* Tuneful.

492. *disdain.* Refuse disdainfully.

494. *scope.* Purpose.

498. *His gray dissimulation.* See note to l. 146 above.

BOOK II

11. *doubt.* Fear, feel anxious.

17. *yet once again to come.* Cp. Malachi iv. 5 and Matthew xvii. 11.

20 sqq. An instance of Milton's delight in the poetry of geographical names, especially those of remote places.

21. *Salem Old.* The Salim of John iii. 23 was sometimes identified with the Salem of which Melchizedek was King (Gen. xiv. 18).

22–3. *Machaerus.* Peraea, east of the Dead Sea.
27. *no greater &c.* Give them no higher title.
58. *resume.* Take to themselves again.
60. *to his Mother.* Construction with 'got head' in l. 64; 'in' rather than the dative 'to' would be more natural in modern English.
62. 'And (hearing) no tidings that he had been left behind at Jordan.' Or, possibly, 'Knowing that he was not left behind at Jordan, and hearing no tidings of him at all'.
90. *Spoken against.* Of ill repute; decried.
97. *as.* 'that'.
101. *obscures.* Hides the reason of.
111. Cp. Persius, *Satires*, iv. 23:

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere.

115–16. The 'sly preface' to Satan's return is his last speech in Book I. Vacant, 'free'.
120. *Sollicitous.* Troubled, concerned.
122. *Demonian Spirits.* See note to i. 117 above.
123. *reign.* Sphere. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 543.
125. *So may we.* Provided we may.
131. *tasted.* Tried, put to the proof.
151. *Asmodai.* Cp. Tobit iii. 8 and *Paradise Lost*, vi. 365–8.
163. *object.* A thing thrown in the way.
168. *Magnetic.* Magnet.
171. Note the expressive rhythm, which seems to mock Solomon's genuflexions.
171–81. Cp. Genesis vi. 2.
186–91. *Calisto . . . Syrinx.* Figures in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which Milton knew particularly well. Milton's delight in the beautiful names is evident.
189. *Too long* (to tell). *Scapes*, escapades.
191. *haunts.* Habits. An obsolete sense.
196. *that Pellean.* Alexander, born at Pella.
199. *sirnam'd of Africa.* Scipio Africanus.

× / × / × / × × / /

221. In the ad|mira|tion on|ly of | weak minds. The effect of strong contempt is largely due to the concentration of stress at the end of the line.
222–3. *cease . . . toy.* Dunster compares Ovid, *De Arte Amandi*, i. 627–8:

Laudatas ostentat avis Iunonia pennas;
Si tacitus spectes, illa recondit opes.

× / × \ × /

234. No advan|tage, and | his strength . . .
240. *persons.* Dramatis personae.
259. *Mee hungring more.* Cp. John iv. 34.
262. *hospitable covert.* The 'umbram hospitalem' of Horace, *Odes*, II. iii. 10.

269. *ravenous.* The pun would not be offensive to a seventeenth-century reader. Moreover, Milton would connect 'raven' and 'ravenous' etymologically.

289. *bottom.* Valley.

309. *Nebaioth.* The name of Ishmael's first-born son (Gen. xxv. 13); here applied to Ishmael himself. Cp. Gen. xxi. 17–19.

313. *Thebez.* See Judges ix. 50. Milton, without any known authority, connects the name with Elijah the Tishbite.

344. *Gris-amber.* Ambergris, commonly used in cooking in Milton's time.

347. *Lucrine Bay.* The lake on the coast of Campania, famous for its oysters.

348. *crude.* Raw. *diverted.* Turned aside, or astray.

360. *Logres.* England, east of the Severn. *Lyones*, Cornwall or Brittany.

361. *Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.* Arthurian knights, appearing in Malory's *Morte D'Arthur.* Note once again the music of the names.

384. *Command a table.* Cp. Psalms lxxviii. 19.

390. *pompous.* Splendid; magnificently served.

399. *suspect.* Accent on second syllable.

402–3. Milton recalls the stage-direction in *The Tempest*, Act IV, sc. iii, 'Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes'.

404. *importune.* Importunate. Accent on second syllable.

405. And with | these words | his tempta|tion | pursu'd.

408. *besides.* In other respects also.

420. Or how canst thou keep subservient the giddy multitude? The verb has to be supplied.

428. Not difficult if thou hearken to me.

452. *perhaps and more.* And more perhaps. A strange inversion.

472. See Introduction, p. (xi) above.

480. *sincere.* Pure.

481. E.g. by Diocletian, Charles V, Christina of Sweden.

BOOK III

3. *convinc't.* Convicted.

11. *shape.* Idea or conception.

16. *sought to.* Called upon for.

18. *conduct.* Leadership.

19. *subsist.* Stand out, hold out. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, ix. 359.

25–7. Cp. *Lycidas*, 70 sqq.

27. *erected.* Elevated, the Latin *erectus.*

41–2. *wept that he had liv'd so long Inglorious.* As related by

Plutarch, *Life of Julius Cæsar*, c. xi. Milton had known similar regrets. See his Sonnet, 'How soon hath Time . . .'.

49–59. Milton had written differently about the people in his enthusiastic *Areopagitica* (1644). The words of Christ reflect the disillusion which came to Milton with the Restoration.

62. *divulges.* Proclaims publicly.

84. *the Son of Jove, of Mars the other.* Alexander and Romulus.

160. *Oft.* Keightley notes that this is an exaggeration. Pompey, however, as well as Antiochus (2 Maccabees v), had been guilty.

171. *Kingdom.* Kingship.

173. *Occasions forelock.* The proverb given in the *Disticha* attributed to Dionysius Cato was well known in Milton's time:

Fronte capillata est, post est occasio calva.

175. *Zeal, &c.* Cp. John ii. 17.

183. *And time &c.* Cp. Ecclesiastes iii. 1.

185. *when begin.* When it is to begin.

195–6. Cp. Cicero, *De Legibus*, iii. 2: 'qui bene imperat, paruerit aliquando necesse est.'

200. *inquisition.* Inquiry; *inquisitio.*

213. *whatever.* Whatever it was.

× \ /× × /

217. From that placid aspect.

238. *in sight.* Many editors read 'insight', but the change is hardly necessary.

242. Cp. 1 Samuel ix. 20–1.

255. *his.* Its, sc. the mountain's. *two rivers.* Euphrates and Tigris.

275–6. *of length . . . journey.* Cp. Jonah iii. 3.

270–320. It will be well to appreciate as many as possible of the associations which the place-names in these fifty lines had for Milton. But the poetical effect depends not least upon the suggestions of distance and vastness which they convey.

278–9. *Salmanassar.* Cp. 2 Kings xvii and xviii.

285. *Bactra.* Modern Balkh.

286. *Ecbátana.* Capital of Media; modern Hamadan.

287. *Hecatompylos.* A royal residence in Parthia.

288. *Susa.* Or Shushan; the winter-palace of the Persian kings. *Choaspes*, the Ulai of Daniel viii. 2.

290. *Emathian.* Macedonian.

291–2. Cities built by Alexander's successors.

293. *Turning with easie eye.* Turning the eye easily (the distance being not too great).

300. *hath gather'd all his Host.* This may, or may not, have been literally true of the moment which Milton describes.

302. *Sogdiana.* The north-eastern portion of the Persian Empire.

309. *Rhombs, &c.* Infantry formations.

315–21. *Arachosia*, Afghanistan. *Candaor*, Kandahar. *Mar-*

giana, Khorasan. Hyrcania was south of the Caspian Sea; Iberia between the Black Sea and the Caspian. Atropatia, the northern part of Media; Adiabene, the west of Babylonia; Susiana, extending to the Persian Gulf, which Milton calls 'Balsára's hav'n' (Basra or Bússora, near the mouth of the Euphrates).

326. *The field, &c.* Cp. Euripides, *Phoenissae,* 109:

κατάχαλκον ἅπαν πεδίον ἀστράπτει.

cast. Gave forth, showed.

327. *clouds of foot.* The νέφος πεζῶν of the *Iliad,* iv. 274.

329. *endorst with.* Having on their backs.

332. *plain.* Flat, level.

338–43. *When Agrican, &c.* The reference is to Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato.* Agrican, King of Tartary, besieged Albracca, the city of Gallaphrone, King of Cathay, with a host of over two million men.

342. *sought.* Wooed.

348. *Vertue.* With sense of *virtus.*

366. The history is not exact. Antigonus, the Maccabaean, intrigued with the Parthians against the Roman power and was by them temporarily made King of Judaea in place of Herod the Great. Hyrcanus, the nominal leader of the Maccabees, and subject to Herod, was brought into Parthia and there treated well.

375. *Habor.* See 2 Kings xviii. 11.

380. This offer puts it in thy power to deliver (the 'Ten Sons &c.' of l. 377).

387. Cp. 2 Chronicles xxxii. 8 and Jeremiah xvii. 5.

388. *instrument.* Apparatus (a Latinism).

395. *fail me of.* Faith to secure for me.

401. *Luggage of war.* Army baggage, etc.

407. *where was it then.* How was it then shown?

409. Cp. 1 Chronicles xxi. 1.

431. Cp. Jeremiah v. 19.

436. Cp. Isaiah xi. 15–16.

BOOK IV.

15 17. The simile of the flies is reminiscent of the *Iliad,* ii. 469, xvi. 641, and xvii. 570.

27. *Another plain.* The plain west of the Apennines.

32–3. *of . . . side.* On each side of whose banks.

35 sqq. Milton's picture is of course poetical and based on what he had himself seen rather than upon what Satan could actually then have shown.

40–2. Milton refers to the suggestions of commentators on Luke iv. 5. *Parallax,* apparent displacement. Though Milton dismisses the explanations, he knew the poetic appeal of scientific discovery.

66. *turmes.* The Latin *turma*, a troop. *wings.* The *alae* of the Roman army.

70. *Syene.* In Egypt, on the borders of Ethiopia.

70–1. *Meroe.* On the Nile in Ethiopia. Milton refers to the course of the tropical sun causing the shadow at noon to fall sometimes to the north, sometimes to the south.

72. *Bocchus* was King of Mauretania, and the 'Black-moor Sea' refers to the Mauretanian waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

74. *the golden Chersonese.* Malacca. The epithet refers to its wealth.

75. *Taprobane.* Ceylon.

77. *Gades.* Cadiz.

79. *Tauric pool.* The 'Poole *Mœotis*' of *Paradise Lost*, ix. 77–8, now the 'Sea of Azov'.

90. *This Emperor.* Tiberius.

95. *a wicked Favourite.* Sejanus.

113. *add to tell.* Tell in addition.

115. *Cittron tables.* Tables of citron wood, very much sought after by the Romans. '*Atlantic stone*', as Masson suggests, may refer to the floors of *Numidian* marble.

136. *Peeling.* From Isaiah xviii. 2, 'a nation scattered and peeled', i. e. pillaged.

142. *Scene.* Stage performance.

149–50. Cp. Daniel ii. 31–45.

181. *blasphemous.* Accent on second syllable.

204–5. *Who . . . concerns.* It then concerns me most to know who thou art, &c.

214. *dispute.* Argument, disputation.

217. *was.* For 'wast'. Probably either a misprint or (more likely) a case of attraction to the 3rd person.

237. *Westward, much nearer by Southwest.* Wyatt inserts a comma after nearer, understands 'nearer' as meaning 'nearer than Rome', and takes 'Westward by Southwest' together. The phrase may, however, mean 'westward, or, more exactly, westward by south-west'.

242. *recess.* Retreat.

245. *the Attic bird.* Philomela, who was changed into a nightingale, was the daughter of Pandion, King of Athens.

251. *his.* Aristotle's.

253. *Lyceum.* The garden where Aristotle taught. *Stoa.* The Painted Porch, where Zeno taught.

257. *Æolian charms.* Horace's 'Aeolium carmen' referring to the songs of Alcaeus and Sappho, in the Aeolic dialect. Pindar wrote in the *Doric* dialect.

259. *Melesigenes.* Herodotus narrates that Homer was born on the banks of the river Meles and was therefore given this name.

260. Milton alludes to the epigram Ἥσιοδον μὲν ἐγὼ, ὁ δ' ἀνέγραφε

Θείος Ὅμηρος. I (Phoebus) sang, but the divine Homer wrote it down. (*Greek Anthology*, Cougny, Appendix vi. 123.)

270. *Shook the Arsenal.* Set the national armoury clattering as if in preparation for war. (Jerram's explanation.)

280. *Epicurean.* Accent perhaps on second syllable.

281. *These here revolve.* See note to l. 259.

282. *to a kingdom's waight.* For the shouldering of a kingdom's responsibilities.

283. Satan alludes to the Stoic saying that a wise man is ever a king.

286. *Think . . . aught.* Whether or not you think I know these things is immaterial. I know as much as I ought.

293. *The first and wisest.* Socrates (see Plato, *Apology*, v.).

294. *The next.* Plato.

296. *A third sort.* The Sceptics.

297. *Others in vertue.* The Peripatetics, followers of Aristotle.

299. *he.* Epicurus. But the description of the Epicurean philosophy is unjust.

303. *shames not to prefer.* i. e. To God.

321–2. *many books, &c.* Cp. Ecclesiastes xii. 12.

325. *artful terms.* Terms of art, referring to psalm-headings.

328. *Crude or intoxicate.* Unable to digest or excited as if drunk.

341. *personating.* Somewhat the sense of the Latin *personare*, sounding aloud.

346–7. Cp. Milton's *Reason of Church Government* (1641), Book II, Preface: 'Those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all these, . . . may be easily made appear over all kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable.'

356. *But herein &c.* But in this respect far inferior to our Prophets.

384. *Voluminous.* Taken all together. *characters.* The astrological symbols of the planets.

392. *Without beginning.* Satirical.

393. *the Starry Rubric.* The calendar of the stars.

409. *either Tropic.* Both south and north quarters.

413. *ruine.* Headlong fall.

415. *hinges.* Cardinal points.

454. *flaws.* Squalls.

457. *the main.* The whole expanse of the universe.

459. *mans less universe.* The human body was often said to be a 'microcosm', an epitome of the world or 'macrocosm'.

472. The sentence begun at l. 467, 'Did I not tell thee', is not completed; a fresh sentence begins at l. 473.

535. *Center.* A central and firmest point.

542. *Hippogrif.* The reference is to the monster in the *Orlando Furioso*, horse and griffin combined. *Sublime.* Uplifted, referring to 'him', l. 541.

554. *Progeny.* Lineage, origin.

564. Irassa was the dwelling, not of this but of another Antaeus, mentioned by Pindar (*Pythia*, ix. 185); Milton seems here to have identified the two persons.

575. *th' Ismenian steep.* The Sphinx cast herself from the acropolis of Thebes, which was on the river Ismenus.

578. *Triumphals.* An ironical reference to the Roman 'triumphus' or processional return of a successful general.

581. *Globe.* The Latin *globus*, a troop; especially of soldiers.

583. *Vans.* Wings (Latin *vannus*, a fan). *him*, sc. Christ.

604. *Thief of Paradise.* Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 192, and John x. 1.

605. *debel.* Vanquish, put down. Now obsolete.

619. *Autumnal Star.* Meteor.

620. *Or Lightning.* Cp. Luke x. 18.

628. *holds, possession foul.* Cp. Revelation xviii. 2.

APPENDIX I

Outstanding Biographical Facts and Dates

1608. Milton born.
1625. Milton entered at Christ's College, Cambridge.
1629. *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.*
1632. Retirement to Horton, where *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus* (1634), and *Lycidas* (1637), were written.
1638. Journey to Italy.
1641. First pamphlets (anti-episcopal).
1643. Marriage to Mary Powell.
1644. *Tractate on Education. Areopagitica.* Divorce pamphlets.
1649. *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates.* Milton becomes Latin Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs. *Eikonoklastes.*
1651. *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano.*
1652. Death of first wife. (Milton married again in 1656 and in 1663, five years after the death of his second wife.)
1660. *A Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth.*
1667. *Paradise Lost* published.
1671. *Paradise Regained* with *Samson Agonistes.*
1674. Second edition of *Paradise Lost* (twelve books instead of the original ten). Death of Milton.

APPENDIX II

Note on Milton's Use and Amplification of his chief Biblical Sources

MILTON makes constant reference, in the course of *Paradise Regained*, to the text of Scripture, both Old and New Testament. His account of the Temptation in the Wilderness, the main theme of the poem, is based upon the narratives found in St. Matthew iv. 1-11, St. Mark i. 12, 13, and St. Luke iv. 1-13; and these passages should be carefully studied with a view to appreciating Milton's use of them.

Appendix II.

It will be noticed that he follows both the longer gospel narratives in putting first the temptation through the sense of hunger; but for what comes after he prefers St. Matthew's order, viz. Christ is tempted first by the view of all the kingdoms of the world and then by the suggestion that he may safely cast himself down from the pinnacle of the Temple. Milton would prefer this succession partly because it places the most dramatic moment at the end and partly because it seems to represent a more organic process, in which the temptation becomes less physical and more spiritual as Satan realizes the nature of his opponent: the appeals are first to a physical desire, then to worldly ambition, and finally to pride in the Divine nature and in God's concern for His representative.

The amplifications of these narratives in Books I and II are chiefly such as to lend breadth and universality to the main incidents and to stimulate interest by showing their bearing upon other persons than those immediately concerned—God and the human race; the faithful and the fallen angels. The long meditation by Christ as he goes forth into the wilderness helps to impart reality and humanity to his character as here presented. In the last two books we hear little of any supernumerary characters, and the interest is concentrated on the struggle between Christ and Satan. In the long amplification of the second ordeal there is again an organic development as the issue becomes decreasingly gross and material; Satan offers, as the instruments of worldly fame and sovereignty, first wealth, then military success, and finally wisdom.

The story of the temptation by hunger is carried into Book II by the description of the banquet set in the wilderness, and ends at l. 403. The three phases of the second temptation occupy Books II and III and ll. 1–393 of Book IV. The third attempt is repulsed at l. 561 of the same book.

APPENDIX III

Note on Milton's Blank Verse

THERE is danger in all attempts to describe or schematize a great poet's versification because they may tend to blind us to its infinitely various, fluid, and complex nature. Certainly no good can come from regarding Milton's lines as a series of more or less successful efforts to repeat a 'normal' pattern, or from forcing them to 'scan' according to a narrow preconception. His verse is full of the breath of life, and its vitality is shown not least in its faculty for never repeating itself, in its constant variations from type. Yet there is a type or pattern or base from which these departures are made and which may be perceived, as a musical theme may be

overheard in even the most elaborate or subtle variations; and it is helpful to appreciate the nature of the type and to be aware of the *kinds* of variety which most commonly present themselves.

The unit upon which Milton's blank verse depends, though without often exemplifying it exactly, is a line of ten syllables and five feet in each of which the stress occurs on the second syllable.

× ′ | × ′ | × ′ | × ′ | × ′ |

l. 89 of Book I is very near to this:

× ′ × ′ × ′ × ′ × ′

His first begot we know, and sore have felt.

The chief kinds of variety may be classified as follows:

(1) The verse may have more than ten syllables, more commonly eleven but sometimes twelve, the extra syllables being usually weak and easily incorporated into the rhythm without disturbing its flow:

′ × × ×

Thou Spirit | who ledst this glorious Eremite. l. 8[1]

× × ′

And what will he not do to advance his Son? l. 88

× ′ ×

These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving. l. 227

(2) There is very commonly a smaller or a greater number of stresses. Thus the fourth foot of l. 87 is practically devoid of stress:

He who obtains the Mon*archy* of Heav'n;

the stress is weak in the third foot of l. 3:

Recover'd Par*adise* to all mankind;

and in the second foot of l. 23:

From Naz*areth* the Son of Joseph deem'd.

Many instances will also be found of feet in which a fully or partly stressed syllable replaces the usual unstressed syllable. The second foot of l. 474 is an example:

′ × ′ ′

Say and *unsay*.

Two instances occur in l. 41, where the heavier weighting of the rhythm is in marked relationship with the sense:

× ′ ′ × ′ ′ × ′

Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd.

(3) The position of the stress within the foot may be changed, the first syllable receiving the stress instead of the second; 'rising' becomes 'falling' rhythm. This is very commonly exemplified, especially in the first foot, where it may greatly minister to effects of strength and emphasis:

′ × × ′

God hath now sent his living Oracle. l. 460

′ × × ′ ×

Victory and Triumph to the Son of God. l. 173

Instances should be gathered of similar reversals of stress, always with an attempt to appreciate their poetic significance.

Two other important points of metrical technique should be kept in mind.

[1] The examples are all taken from Book I.

Appendix III.

(1) The pause or break nearly always present in a blank verse line may occur in Milton's at any point and sometimes more than once. It is often used to isolate, and thus to emphasize, a short phrase or even a single word at the beginning or end of a line:

> Thou Spirit | who ledst this glorious Eremite
> Into the Desert, | his Victorious Field
> Against the Spiritual Foe, | and broughtst him thence
> By proof the undoubted Son of God, | inspire,
>
> ll. 8–11.

(2) It is characteristic of Milton, further, though not of him alone, that the single line is not the only unit that he considers, but that the lines are woven together into sentences or 'verse-paragraphs' of varying length, which may begin or end at any point in a line and which have their own unity and rhythmical principles, akin to those observed in the most pleasing kinds of prose; we may hear both verse and prose rhythms simultaneously. Milton's art is shown not least in his faculty for bringing the emphatic words in the paragraphs into strong positions in the single lines without weakening the other positions unduly; a good example will be found in ll. 18–21:

> *Now* had the great Proclaimer with a *voice*
> *More awful* than the sound of trumpet, *cri'd*
> *Repentance*, and Heavens kingdom nigh at hand
> *To all Baptized*:

But the extent to which these different forms of variety and sources of metrical interest are managed and combined with a view to the close relations which may subsist between the sound and the subtlest shades of the sense can only be realized gradually and through the use of both knowledge and imagination. The student is advised to make use of Mr. Robert Bridges' standard work, *Milton's Prosody* (Oxford, 1893 ff.).

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